



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &c.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

Selim and Zaida.

THE sun of prosperity shone on Selim and his beautiful wife with a steady and unwavering light. While the Bedouins attacked and destroyed other caravans, those which conveyed Selim's goods returned in safety. His merchandize always arrived when it was most wanted. The merchants took it off his hands and allowed him a handsome profit without any of the vexations of traffic. He had married a beautiful woman who was more valuable to him than a whole seraglio of Circassians, and he knew he was an object of love and admiration to his devoted Zaida. Providence had not blessed them with children, but yet they were happy. The conversation of Selim was like the sacred oracles to Zaida, and the lively wit and exhaustless stories of Zaida were to Selim an enduring source of pleasure. But happy as they were in each other, they did not forget their fellow beings. Benevolence found its home in their hearts; and that overplus of kindness which might have been lavished on children, had they been bestowed, now flowed forth in streams of comfort to all the poor and suffering within their reach. Want was unknown within their neighborhood, and the sick and suffering found ready and willing aid.

But the sun which rises in beauty and brilliancy may sink into a shroud of vapor, and the balmy zephyr may usher in a ravaging whirlwind. The prosperity of Selim had attained its zenith and began to decline with fearful rapidity. Loss followed loss. Misfortune darkened the door with all her train of evil genii, and the unfortunate Selim at every turn saw poverty following close behind and watching him with a keen and hungry eye. Determined if possible to retrieve his losses, he collected the remnants of property which remained, and sent them with a caravan across the desert for such merchandize as had built his fortune.

Selim and Zaida sold, one by one, all

their articles of luxury to obtain their daily subsistence, and waited impatiently for the arrival of the caravan; but it came not. The time had arrived and passed by, but still nothing was heard of it. At length Selim said to his wife, I can no longer bear this suspense. If I still have riches I will see thy comforts restored—if I am poor I will cheerfully labor for thy support; but this suspense wears out my spirit. I will go and learn the fate of my caravan.

On the second day Selim descried something before him on the desert sand, and on approaching it, found lifeless on the ground the bodies of his guards of the caravan, which had contained all he possessed. Around them the sand was deeply indented by the feet of camels, horses and men, and the unfortunate Selim could plainly trace with his eye, the track of their departure; stretching away over the sands of the desert. Here then he could plainly read the story of his misfortune. The caravan had returned within two days of its destination, when it was attacked by the banditti of the desert. They had resisted, but were overcome, and all which remained alive, were swept away to the depths of the vast waste. What availed it that Selim could trace every step of their flying march, he was alone and his horse was worn down by fatigue and want of refreshment. Even if it were possible to overtake them in their flight, what could his single arm do, against the hordes of Bedouins; or what could be the possible result of pursuit, but to add him to the number of their slaves. 'And then,' said he aloud, 'what would become of Zaida? No if my property is all gone, I will return and labor for her support. I still have youth, strength and a cheerful heart, I will return and work for Zaida.' So saying Selim remounted his horse and rode slowly towards home. As he passed the last jungle of the desert, his course was arrested by groans; he approached cautiously and discerned among the bushes, a lion of enormous size standing with the air of a conqueror over the body of an aged Dervise, who lay bleeding before him. He was still alive, and the

ferocious animal who had him in his power, seemed to refrain from gorging his appetite, that he might enjoy the sight of his sufferings. The lion watched him with an intense and glaring eye, and whenever he attempted to move, struck him forcibly with his fangs, and cruelly tore his withered flesh. Selim's blood ran cold at the sight, but he did not stand bewailing the Dervise in useless sympathy. He had not come into the desert unarmed, and without a moment's hesitation he attacked the lion, whose attention was so engrossed by his victim that his antagonist was unobserved until a well directed stroke of a scimeter had weakened his powers of resistance. After a furious contest he succeeded in dispatching the lion and releasing his prisoner. The poor Dervise was unable to move, though sensible of his release, and deeply grateful to his deliverer. Selim raised him gently from the ground, laid him across his horse, then mounting behind him moved slowly toward home. Zaida ran to meet him, rejoiced at his return and anxious to hear the result of his journey. Selim embraced her tenderly. 'Zaida' said he, 'we have lost all, nothing remains to us, but we have now no time to lament our own misfortunes, I have brought home a poor wounded Dervise who requires our immediate care. It may be that thy tender nursing, and the simple restoratives I yet have the power to provide, may recall a fellow being to life, but as you will perceive, his spark is well nigh quenched.' 'Blessed be Alla!' said Zaida, wiping away her tears, 'he still permits us to do good; move him gently, good Selim, while I support his head.'

After Selim had assisted in placing the fainting Dervise in bed and binding up his wounds, he called all his creditors together to inform them of his losses and present situation 'and now my friends,' said he, 'take what remains, and divide it among you; all that I at present possess is yours, even to my turban; then take it and harbor no unjust suspicions; they would gall my spirit more than my poverty and the labor to which my coming years must be devoted.'

Selim's creditors were pleased with his

conduct. They knew that he had given up all that he had and with one consent presented him a small house with its furniture, which he had owned in the suburbs of the city nearest the desert. To this house Selim removed Zaida and the wounded Dervise, and obtaining a laborer's habit, a mule and two water skins, immediately commenced the employment of carrying water to the city. 'Alas Selim,' said Zaida, 'while thou art laboring beyond thy strength, I can do nothing to assist thee!' 'It is enough for thee dear wife,' replied Selim, 'to take care of what I may be able to bring home, to nurse the son of misfortune whom Alla has sent thee, and to cheer me when my labors are over for the day.'

For a short time Selim pursued his employment, and carried home every night enough to satisfy the natural wants of himself and Zaida, and to administer to the wounded Dervise. Zaida cheerfully performed the labors which fell to her share, and generally in the course of the day prepared some entertaining story to amuse Selim when he returned in the evening. She had built for him with her own hands, a couch of turf and moss, beside the cottage door, and there he reclined every evening, listening to her voice and resting from his toil.

The Dervise gained strength slowly, and the recovery of his limbs was still doubtful, but his humble heart was full of gratitude to his benefactors, and was perpetually pouring itself out in prayers that they might reap the reward of all their patience and kindness. One night Selim returned with his face flushed and his eyes dull and heavy, he approached Zaida with a languid step, and when he embraced her, his breath was hot and dry on her cheek, like the sirocco of the desert. Zaida, anxious and alarmed, persuaded him to retire immediately to bed while she sat by his side and bathed his face and head to allay the heat. All that night Selim's sleep was uneasy and broken; his anxious wife watched him till the dawn, and then, exhausted, fell asleep. When she woke Selim was gone, he had risen softly in the morning and gone forth to his labor. Zaida would have followed to persuade him to return, but knew not where to seek him. About noon the mule came to the door, with his master's head resting on his neck and his hands twisted into his mane. He was in a raging fever. Zaida with difficulty assisted him to dismount, and led him to the bed from which he was never more to rise. All that day the fever increased in violence, and towards night Zaida proposed to go into the City for a physician. But Selim said, 'no Zaida, do not leave me, a physician can do me no good, but thy presence will be a comfort. My hour is come Zaida, and before my senses are bewildered, let me take leave of thee. We must part

for a little while. But the good Alla will take care of thee, and when thy labors also are finished, we shall meet again and wander together through the flowery paths of Paradise.'

'Oh Selim, Selim, speak not of death! I cannot live without thee. Is Alla good? and is this the reward of all thy justice, thy kindness and thy piety? Is it thus that Alla rewards the faithful, that thou shouldst fall a sacrifice to sordid toil and perish in the midst of thy days, while the wicked live in his smiles and go down to the grave loaded with his favors?

'Speak not so, Zaida, dear Zaida, speak not such words as these! hang not a weight on my departing spirit, turn not the last throb of my heart to anguish by such words as these, there is another state where I shall receive my own, there I shall again meet thee, Zaida, and there thou wilt be refreshed by the fruits of thine own benevolent heart, not on the hard and barren soil of this world, they cannot ripen here. Allah il Allah! Farewell, dear Zaida—farewell.' He drew her hand to his bosom and she felt the last throb of the last heart that loved her.

Zaida fell by the side of her husband's body. Hours passed insensibly over her, stupified with the strength of her wo. From this state she was at length roused by the groans of the dervise and started with a bewildered air to her feet. 'Ah poor wretch,' exclaimed she 'I have given thee nothing since the morning. While he was suffering I could not leave him, but now—now shall I indulge my selfish sorrow while thy pains are made more intolerable by this neglect?'

'Why shouldst thou sorrow,' said the Dervise, 'has he not gone to the shady groves of Paradise? Is he not already resting on the mossy banks of Irim—is he not even now twining a bower for thee with the flowers of Heaven? wouldst thou call him back to waste his old age in new labors—dost thou wish to see him dragging his painful steps down the thorny path of life, till, worn out by degrees with age and toil and grief for thee, he should fall into the grave at its foot?'

'Ah no,' replied Zaida, 'Alla akbar! Selim is happy.'

When the relatives and former friends of Selim heard of his death, they flocked to his house to mourn for the dead and comfort the living.

'Take no thought,' said they to Zaida, 'of the funeral of thy husband, he was a just and good man and shall receive all the honors which can now be paid him. Neither be anxious for thyself, good Zaida, thou art worthy and the widow of a worthy man.'

'Trouble not thyself to provide for thy own table,' said Al Hamar, a rich relative of Zaida, 'more is prepared for mine every day, than is wanted or consumed, and my people shall bring thee from thence whatever thou wilt have.'

'Fatigue not thyself,' said Al Hassen, 'with the labors of thy house thou art not fitted for such toil; one of my slaves shall come to thee every day, and do whatever thou mayst wish.'

'Think not of any menial employment,' said Al Javan, 'thy friends are rich and thou wilt be well supplied.'

That day the cottage of Zaida was filled with delicacies. The next morning each of her friends sent a slave loaded with a new supply of provisions. It was a time of harvest for all the poor within a mile of Zaida's cottage while this strife of ostentation lasted. Not a morsel was wasted. 'My heart is heavy, and I can eat no bread,' said Zaida, 'but shall I suffer others to hunger while I have the means of feeding them?' She buried her grief in her own bosom, and went to distribute with her own hand according to their necessities.

'O Selim!' exclaimed she as she returned with a lighter heart 'I thought all happiness had died with thee, but there is still enjoyment even for me, as long as I can relieve distress.'

Zaida's friends gradually ceased to supply her table. The slave of Al Hassan came less and less frequently, and in a short time, she was entirely deserted. She was at length compelled by actual want, to withdraw her thoughts from the dead, and reflect anxiously on the means of supplying her necessities, and supporting the helpless being whom Alla had placed under her care. After reflecting long, and not being able to decide on any thing, she washed the traces of tears from her face, dressed herself as well as her means would allow, and putting on her veil, went into the city to consult her friends on her future course.

First, she called on Al Hamar, her relative, and told him she had been thinking of coming into the city and obtaining work from her friends. 'My good Zaida,' said Al Hamar, 'thou hast not exercised thy best judgment in this plan, the expenses of living in the city are great, and any house thou wouldst be able to obtain would be too mean for a person of thy connexions, besides we cannot consent to see thee soliciting work from house to house, it will be a disgrace to thy family.'

'But my good cousin, what can I do better? I wish to earn my own living and cannot think of sitting down, to be a burden to my family.'

'O,' replied Al Hamar, 'there is no need that thou shouldst be a burden to thy friends, with thy talents and resources; there are always means of living respectably for all who have the ingenuity to discover them; but be sure to attempt nothing which shall disgrace thy relatives. It would surely be better to suffer in silence, than to degrade thyself; but there is no fear that thou wilt suffer. Thou

art a widow and Alla will take care of thee. Depart in peace, my sister.'

With a heavy heart Zaida turned toward the house of Al Hassan, and consulted him. He said he could think of no plan for her. It was difficult for a woman to obtain a living in that part of the world, and she had better try her fortune in some distant province. For his own part he should be happy to assist her, but had lately lost his largest diamond and could not spare any thing from the property which remained.

'Alas,' said Zaida, 'thou dost not understand me, I did not come to ask for thy money, I could not receive alms, even if it were offered; but I know thee to be experienced in all ways of gathering riches, and only desire thee to give me thy advice, or devise for me some plan of supporting myself.' Al Hassan said he did not know of any way in which a woman like her could support herself, but would consult with her relatives.

That day before he had time to forget it, Al Hassan happened to meet Al Hamar and another relative of Zaida. They concluded she had been altered for the worse by adversity, that she was not so amiable, so agreeable nor so cheerful as she had been, and could not reasonably expect the same attentions—that her applications to them were troublesome, and as she was above receiving alms, and not accustomed to labor, it would not be possible to do any thing to assist her.

'Allah akbar!' solemnly exclaimed Al Hamar, 'we will leave our sister to Him!' 'Allah akbar!' solemnly repeated the two other relatives and each touching his forefinger to his forehead they separated.

Al Hamar had no inclination to repeat this conversation to Zaida. He fancied she had become disagreeable and was not willing to meet her eye, but sent a messenger to inform her what her relatives had said.

Zaida threw herself on the bed, where Selim had died, 'Oh Selim,' she exclaimed, 'thou didst indeed name it rightly in calling it a hard and barren world, and I am left in it alone. What will become of me?'

Zaida was recalled from this despondency, by the recollection of her patient. He could now sit up and had recovered his appetite, but his limbs had been so mangled that they could never be restored. He must be helpless for the remainder of his life. She arose from the bed and looked upon him with pity. She knew that he was faint and she had nothing to give him.

'Alas, this will not do,' exclaimed she, 'I must not spend my time in tears while thou art suffering for want.'

She hastily made Selim's garments into a bundle, and carried them to a Jew in the

city, to whom she sold them. After she had purchased bread for a few days, spent the remainder of her money, in materials for a girdle, such as are worn by the rich. She then went to a merchant and engaged him to purchase her girdles when they were wrought. He gave her the dimensions, supplied her with a pattern and offered her a good price for her work. Zaida returned with a light step, and immediately commenced her labors. She worked diligently every moment while the day-light continued, for she feared the bread would be gone, before she had finished. In a few days she had completed her work, and with a heart full of hope and a cheerful countenance, carried it to the merchant. He took and with a dissatisfied air examined it critically. He said the colors were not arranged as well as they might have been. The ends of the girdle were a trifle too long and the pattern was not the one, he intended to have given her. He doubted whether he could sell it at all. He would try, but could not pay her till he had sold it.

Disappointed and discouraged, Zaida returned without bread.

'Alas father!' said she to the dervise, 'I have brought thee no food, but thou shalt not starve'—Saying this she took the covering from her bed, and made it into a bundle.

'What dost thou do?' said the dervise, 'wilt thou strip thyself of thy nightly covering?'

'I do not need it good Abdalla,' said Zaida, 'the weather is warm and dry, and my veil will be sufficient covering for my bed.'

'Ah miserable wretch that I am,' said the Dervise, wringing his hands while large tears rolled down his cheeks. 'Why did the lion delay my death? why did Selim rescue me from his jaws? was it that I might consume all that he possessed? Am I a vampire? have I become a goul? must I consume the dead and drink the blood of the living?'

'Reproach not thyself good Abdalla, neither suffer thyself to fancy thou art a burden. Thou was sent by Alla to tell me that he has work for me to do on earth and that even I, in his hands, can yet be a comfort to his children. If I had been left here alone with my heart in Selim's grave, I should have fallen down when he died and have suffered my body to waste away till the spirit could no longer inhabit it. Trouble not thyself good Abdalla! thou wast sent to save my life.' So saying Zaida went to the Jew and sold her covering for enough to purchase a supply of bread. Before this was exhausted she went again to the merchant. He told her the pattern of the girdle did not suit purchasers and he could not sell it. But rather than she should suffer loss, he would take it off her hands and give her one third the price he first agreed upon. Poor Zaida had no choice; she therefore accepted what the merchant

offered, though it only paid the price of the materials of which the girdle was made. On her way home, she met her rich cousin Al Hamar, but he saw her not. 'He need not fear that I shall importune him,' thought Zaida, 'though he stands high on a mountain of gold and I am sitting in dust and ashes, my spirit is still higher than his.'

As Zaida was sitting by her door considering what she would do next to obtain bread, a man in a traveler's habit, with a young child in his arms staggered towards her and fell across her threshold. Zaida started up and fixed on him a look of fear and compassion. His eyes were already closed and the blood was flowing through his robe, the child also seemed expiring. Zaida ran for water and sprinkled it over them till the traveler opened his eyes. 'Take this child,' said he, 'and let it be as the apple of thine eye. Here is thy reward.' He exerted his failing strength and took from the folds of his turban a strip of parchment covered with what appeared to be small pearls, which he put into Zaida's hand. 'I brought them from Kathay,' said he, 'the Bedouins have stripped me of all else and of my life.' He gasped a moment and expired.

Zaida took the child from his stiffening arms and wet its lips and face till it revived. She then soaked a little bread in water and put it into its mouth. The little boy was perishing with hunger and fatigue. But Zaida administered carefully to its wants, and as soon as it was relieved and refreshed, it laid its head upon her bosom and fell asleep. 'Alas poor child,' said Zaida, 'we wanted bread and instead of it, Alla has sent thee, poor bird from the desert. I know none of thy friends if still they live, and I cannot abandon thee. But how shall I provide for Abdalla and thee and me?' It suddenly occurred to Zaida that perhaps she could learn to spin. She laid the little boy's head softly on her pillow, and taking her veil, went again to the city. After giving notice to a cadi to come and take the body of the stranger, she went to a merchant to procure a little of the wool of Thibet and a rock and reel. The wool was exceedingly expensive, and the merchant would not trust her. She returned home and mentioned her perplexity to the dervise.

'Where are the pearls of the traveler?' said he, 'the merchant will receive them as money.'

Zaida had thrown them down, when the traveler expired, to take the child from his arms, and had forgotten them. She ran eagerly to the place where she had thrown them and found the parchment lying in the sun covered with little worms.

'Alas,' said she, 'the poor traveler's sufferings had turned his head; his pearls were

only eggs of worms, the poor man was insane!" as she spoke she threw the parchment with disgust upon a clump of bushes which grew by her cottage. Zaida now as a last resort, thought of selling her bed to obtain the materials for spinning. "I can gather myself a couch," said she "of the sweet smelling grass of the desert, and the little boy can sleep on the cushion of the Dervise. She went back to the merchant and made a bargain with him for what she needed, and he sent a slave with her to receive the bed in return. She next went to a woman who took wool to spin for the merchants, and prayed her in charity to teach her the art. The woman was one of the neighbors who had received food of Zaida, as long as she had any to give, and she was grateful. She therefore willingly imparted her simple skill, and in a few days Zaida became a spinner. But the wool was dear, and the merchants allowed her so little for her work, that she was only able, by constant labor, to keep her family from suffering hunger.

The little boy soon recovered from the effects of fatigue and famine, and became bright, active, and beautiful. Zaida found infinite amusement in watching his gambols, and listening to his innocent remarks. The aged Dervise took delight in teaching him, and improved every opportunity to inform his mind, and strengthen his memory. The boy received instruction as the parched sands drink in water, and grew, in the eyes of his instructors, graceful and beautiful as the gazelle.

One day Zaida returned weary from the city. She had been able to obtain only bread enough for five days, with her week's work. She threw herself on Selim's couch and rested her head on her hand. As her eyes wandered carelessly round, they were attracted by the motions of little Arim who was playing beside the cottage. He had before him a large basin of water, in which were floating several little balls, bright and yellow as gold. Arim with a face of glee and dancing with delight was striking the pretty balls with a bundle of rods, tied together with some of the wool which he had coaxed from his indulgent mother. Zaida was surprised to observe that as he lifted the rods, they drew up a number of little threads which glittered in the sun like golden gossamer.

"What art thou playing with my boy?" inquired Zaida.

"I am making these eggs dance on the water," replied Arim, "look, look mother, see how they jump."

"Where didst thou find the eggs," said Zaida.

"I found them hanging on the mulberry bushes. They are all over them, shall I get some for thee to dance, mother?"

Zaida looked toward the bushes and saw some hanging from the limbs and glittering in the sun. She ran to the basin to examine the thread and called out joyfully to the Dervise, "It is silk good father, it is silk like the kingly robes of Cathay, the pearls of the stranger were not the creations of delirium, but the seeds of comfort for me and thee and this little one."

Zaida wound the silk carefully from the balls and carried it, as a specimen, to the merchants. They were rejoiced and promised her an equal weight in gold for all she would furnish them.

Zaida provided Arim a little basket and set him about gathering the balls from the bushes. He was active and persevering and delighted to be thought old enough to work. Abdallah undertook the winding of the silk and soon became expert in the business, constantly thanking Alla that he had at length permitted him to be useful to his benefactress. The mulberry trees stretched to a great extent beyond the cottage. The climate was so favorable that the silk worms were uninterrupted in their operations and Zaida had constant and agreeable employment in twisting the silk and carrying it to the merchants. She now received gold in handfuls, and procured in a short time all that she wanted. When the cottage was provided with everything that its inhabitants could need, Zaida desired Abdallah to diminish his labors and devote more time to the education of little Arim. He joyfully complied, for Arim was thirsting for instruction and caught with avidity every species of knowledge. Well did the boy repay his cares, for the eastern sun shone not on a fairer soul than that which illumined the face of the orphan boy of Zaida. Often did she exclaim as she gazed on his beauty, "how little did I think when I first took thee fainting from the arms of the dead traveler that thou hadst been sent to bring me happiness and wealth!"

Life now passed joyfully with Zaida. Her heart had become subdued and purified by well improved trials. Her time was occupied with attention to young Arim's education and plans for his future interest. Every hour was blessed with love for the boy, and the hope of reunion with her long lost Selim, where, with renewed beauty and perpetual youth, she would rest in the bowers of Paradise.

While the inhabitants of the cottage were enjoying this state of well-earned prosperity, a man came one day to the door and inquired for Zaida, the widow of Selim the merchant. He told her he was taken by the Bedouins at the time Selim's merchandize fell into their hands, he had ever since been held by them in slavery, but lately having had an opportunity to escape, he went to a spot, where, by a spring, he had seen his master conceal in the

sand a case of diamonds which belonged to Selim, and taking possession of the treasure, he had been to what had been his home and found only death and desolation. He said he was a lonely man, and that now that he had restored Zaida the property of her late husband, he should devote himself to the service of Alla and become a servant in one of his temples. The lonely man departed, and Zaida sat with her head thoughtfully resting on her hand, regardless of her newly found treasure, as thoughtfully the eye of the aged Dervise rested on her.

"My daughter," at length he said, "why art thou sad at this new gift from Alla. Is there no joy in thinking that Arim may now stand by the side of the proudest merchants of the land? Is there no joy in knowing that thou art selected to banish want and hunger from every spot thine eye can rest on? wilt thou not receive the gift of Alla because he has not also given thee back the dead?"

"Good Abdallah thou mistakest me. I am not sad, but amazed at the dealings of heaven? why, good father, was I left alone in a desert world, and misfortunes one by one heaped upon me till they had almost crushed me to the earth, why were we left alone to suffer fatigue and nakedness and hunger till our own labor had supplied our wants, and now, when there is little need of more for thee, or the child, or me, why is this torrent of wealth poured into my lap?"

"Allah il Allah," reverently exclaimed the Dervise, "he has tried thee by adversity and thou hast come out of the furnace purified, but look back and thou wilt see the print of his hand on each of thy trials. Not one came by chance, or fell to the earth unblest. Thy husband went to the desert to recover his wealth, and brought thee back the certainty of its loss, and a miserable wounded wretch to try thy patience and consume thy substance."

"Blessed be Allah," interrupted Zaida, "he sent me a father to comfort and counsel me when I should be bereaved."

"The good Selim was doomed to finish his life in labors to which he was unaccustomed and to which his strength was inadequate, and Allah snatched him early away without permitting him to be scorched by the sun, chilled by the dew, and worn out painfully by fatigue, mortification and hunger."

"Allah il Allah," exclaimed Zaida, touching her forehead reverently to the ground.

"Thou wast without bread, and hadst been turned back from every green path when Allah sent thee a dying man and a starving child."

"Blessed be Allah," again exclaimed Zaida, as she threw her arms around the neck of the bright boy who stood listening beside her. "My Arim has made my cup run over with blessing."

"Listen a little longer, my daughter. Why

Allah sent thee, who didst seem good in prosperity, these great trials is hidden behind the impenetrable veil with which he shrouds his designs, but it will require little faith, my daughter, now to believe that thou didst need these afflictions, when it is manifest that they were sent with a constant reference to thy good. Even the removal of Selim has been blessed. Does it not make the arrow of Azrael less keen and the shadow of his wing less gloomy? but thy trials are not yet ended, Allah has sent thee a new one, a glare of riches that would dazzle any eye, but one that Allah had rendered strong by the shadow of affliction. Thy sphere of usefulness is enlarged. I need not say work faithfully, for thou has proved more virtuous than I have done. But thy day is almost done, dear daughter, and Selim awaits thee under the shadow of 'Tooba.'*

* A tree of Paradise.—Sale's Prelim.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

Human Life.

'Tis wearisome to think what troubles time may bring.'

THERE are times when affliction and misfortune weigh heavily upon man—when disappointment sears the heart, and the keen stings of agony pierce the inmost soul. It is then that we pine in sorrow, and yield to the bitterness of despondency. A recklessness of life follows, and the most tender and refined feelings become callous and subservient to the canker that gnaws upon the heart—freezing up the channels of affection and love. Misfortune is the earthly portion of all. The youth as he arrives to manhood feels an indefinable something that future years explain, and the aged and hoary-headed veteran, whose head is covered with the frosts of eighty winters, welcomes the tomb, his only resting place from earthly grief and sorrow. True, there are bright and flowery pictures in life:—for a brief space of time they are enjoyed by all—by the rich man reveling in luxury, and by the poor man pining in poverty. But are there no sorrows to succeed, which cloud and furrow the brow, and throw the mantle of despondency over these evanescent shadows? Look at the world. He who once sported in pleasure's bowers and reveled in luxury—he who imagined that the future could bring no groveling reverse of fortune, is now an outcast—a grief-struck and helpless wretch—exposed to the taunting jeers of those who once cravily sought and enjoyed his bounty; and he who once felt the piercing demands of want—he who in the anguish of a heart overburdened with grief, almost cursed the hour of his existence—the wretched being who sought in humility the very crumbs that

fell from the rich man's table, is now the lordly aristocrat, refusing that very comfort which poverty in other days had compelled him to seek. What is *wealth*, when the possessor sinks in the grave? 'Tis a mere nothing—the prodigal heir clutches it, and clothes the world and himself in misery and sorrow. What is *power*, when cares and fears alternately threaten its holder's stability? What is *fame*, when the vain wretch who has acquired it, after years of study and vexation, descends to the loathsome tomb? A mere bubble, that bursts when the frail tenement ceases to exist. And what are all our aspirations—our ardent longings and desires, but the looking forward to a goal, which, like the dagger that crossed the vision of Macbeth, disappears when grasped at?

It is said, that 'when misfortune comes, it brings along the bravest virtues,'—but where is the heart that can bear up under the aching pangs and cold contumely of a selfish world, without drooping, like the withered leaf, in sorrow and in sadness?—The gaunt and cadaverous criminal, confined in a dungeon, or pacing with measured tread his way to a scaffold, to which persecution may have driven him, is, in the world's estimation, a *wretch*. But is he not unfortunate? a cold world think not—he is by them condemned. Once he may have moved in circles of gayety and pleasure,—wealth may have cheered his pathway, and the 'merry rounds of mirth' lighted up his countenance with frivolity and joy. The proud courted and flattered—and the poor found protection beneath his hospitable roof. *He is now a prisoner!* The companions of his youth desert him in the hour of danger and tribulation—and he pines, and sorrows, and dies, amid the scoffs of a cold hearted world—a victim of false friendship, misfortune and sorrow. G. W. B.

Kinderhook, 1835.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

A Sunday in New Orleans.

My first view of New-Orleans, or rather I should say, of the suburbs of New-Orleans, was from Lake Pontchartrain. It was Sunday morning when I landed. The steam boat, as soon as we approached the shore, was crowded with faces of all colors, speaking almost all languages, translatable and untranslatable. The passengers with the mail were soon mounted on a rail-road car, and propelled by hand a few rods under a '*L'arc de triomphe*,' which was a wooden building painted white, over-arching the rail-road,—and resting on either side—a Hotel I think. Then we waited a few minutes for the locomotive, which had not yet arrived from the city, to which and from which it goes every half hour, distance four and a half miles.—These few minutes I employed in looking about. All around, except the neat and rather elegant buildings, and the pathways, was swamp, or dismal swamp;—full of stagnant

water, and rough-looking bushes. I looked into one hotel. There were many persons, some drinking all sorts of liquor, from an elegantly furnished bar, some playing back-gammon and chess, some chatting a *French* that was comprehensible, and some a language known only to themselves. Evidently it was a holiday. There was mirth and jollity, and loud obstreperous joy. The crowd was considerable; the noise deafening. I looked into another hotel. An awning and a curtain shadowed one door, through which I heard the clink of dollars. With the curiosity of my countrymen, for which all of us are so famed, I drew aside the curtain, and stood before a row of gamblers, some white, some mulatto, some chatting French, some broken English—all paraded by, or around a table crowded with large pieces of silver, playing *roulette*. The presence of a stranger created no sensation, no interruption. Others were at my heels. Only one of the players looked up from the table, and he only turned up his spectacles, and then looked down again. It was broad-day business. There was no concealment. No man was ashamed. No man objected to being seen. The gamblers did not seem to be the best of men in appearance, though they played high. I have seen many better looking men in New-Orleans.

The locomotive soon came along with great rapidity, smoking and puffing loud, and drawing in its trail a long row of large cars, full from top to bottom of new comers.—Perhaps one hundred and fifty persons jumped from the cars within three minutes after the locomotive stopt. The crowd was so much more added to the former crowd,—and I soon learnt, that 'the Lake,' as it is called, is the resort of hundreds and thousands from New-Orleans on Sunday. The locomotive was wheeled about,—and our party ascended the cars,—fine large cars, well cushioned, and curtained,—and in a very few minutes, we were in New-Orleans, landed in the street, where as many more people were waiting to go to 'the Lake.'

'My plunder,' or baggage, disposed of, I walked around to see the city. The market was open with almost every thing for sale from green peas, blackberries, pine apples, and the vegetables we have in July or August: to all kinds of meat,—and it was crowded with negroes, mulattoes, quadroons,—in short with men and women of all colors from total blackness, and their pretty brunette to the fine showy features of the quadroons,—and talking French without interruption in the full vivacity of the language, thus making the long arch bound and rebound with voices not unlike that of the full chatter of a New England monitorial school.

At the Hotel where I am, at Bishop's, where Americans chiefly stop, one of the most moral in the city, and one of the best in the Union, better by far, because the waiters are Irish, and not negro slaves, with their attendant filth and negligence,—there, Sunday as it was, the Bar was crowded with visitations and the Billiard room was full, and the chess and chequer boards were all employed.

I looked at the American part of the city. There, the stores in general were shut,—though not all of them. I went to the French part. There the shops, almost all, were open. Goods were displayed as in a week day.—Purchasers were active in the dry good shops, and shops of that description—and the grog-shops were crowded. I wandered

up and down the levee, which is the embankment on the Mississippi, and where many flat boats lie, and there many, very many, were playing whist, lieu, and four-and-fours, I think they call it.

I went to a meeting of the Colonization Society, but it was all a dead failure. The 'prominent man' who had undertaken to preside, dare not appear, or did not like here to assume the duties of such an office, and 'the distinguished men' who were to speak, 'backed out.' The meeting was in the Presbyterian Church,—and the musicians played part of the Cinderella waltz for an overture!

I looked into the Cathedral, an old Spanish building, roughcast, antique, and now rusty, and there the choir were chanting, and the priest doing something, I know not what. The audience was principally colored. There were some French and Spanish women, without bonnets, and with veils thrown over their heads. Many were on their knees before the cross. More were going out and in the Jewish Synagogue. The doors were wide open on the principal street,—with no ascending step. Strangers peeped in or walked in as they pleased,—and boys were playing bat-in-ball on a green or a park opposite, vociferating as all boys will, much to the detriment of the devotional, if there were any such. It is a pity however, there is not here even more of the Catholic religion.

A trooper in full uniform, galloping along leisurely caught my eye. I followed him as fast as possible,—and soon I heard martial music. The military were parading. Many companies were out. Sunday is the muster-day of the soldiers of New-Orleans. It is the best day that could be selected, for if men are kept busily drilling, they are kept out of mischief.

Towards evening, when the sea-breeze was coming in, and the air was cooler I promenade with a Portland friend up and down the levee. Hundreds and thousands of persons were out. The whole population seemed poured forth there. We went to see a negro dance which is held every Sunday evening, when the slaves have their Saturnalia. There it is the custom of the negroes to perform all sort of foot-evolutions and convolutions. They drink and carouse and dance. They do their play and sport for a week. But we were too late to see the ceremony,—and turned about disappointed.

Upon the whole, Sunday is a very bad day in New Orleans,—a bad institution there, I was going to say,—but it is not my province to scan the measures of good and evil in a day the Deity has consecrated. One thing is certain, there is more vice, more iniquity, more sport in that leisure day, than any other during the week. The French Theatre is open,—and crowded. Men throng together. Idleness begets iniquity. But enough, my paper is down. B.

A white man sold some powder to an Indian, telling him if he sowed it in the ground, he might raise his own powder.—The Indian watched his ground for a long time with great patience, but at length begun to suspect that he had been imposed upon. He said nothing, however, but went to the trader, who had forgotten the trick, and obtained credit for a quantity of goods. When the time for payment came, the trader requested the money, but the Indian, with great complaisance, only replied—Me pay you when my powder grow!

MISCELLANY.

Remarkable Exposure of a Conspiracy.

A GENTLEMAN, who was in the midst of preparations for removing his family and effects to a distance from the place where he then resided, received a summons to attend the sitting of a court in a neighboring town, as a juror; and, though the loss of time and consequent delay in his business just at that moment, were exceedingly vexatious, there was no possibility of his getting excused, and he was obliged to go with the best grace he could. He was appointed foreman of one of juries, and among the cases which came before them, was one of a peculiarly interesting nature, between an aged man and one of his sons, who claimed possession of his father's farm, constituting his whole property, by virtue of an agreement which he produced in court, signed by the old man, (by making his mark, as he was unable to write his name,) and witnessed by a younger son. The father declared the signature to be a forgery, and that he had never given any such writing or agreement; but, as he could produce no evidence excepting his own declaration, to contend against the proof positive contained in his own apparent signature produced by one son, and sworn to by the other, the case appeared a clear one; and, although the court and all who heard the trial, and the statements of the poor old man, could not help believing him to be the victim of knavery on the part of his sons, there appeared to be no means of getting away from the evidence produced by them. The case was given to the jury, who retired to deliberate. The foreman asked the opinion of his fellows, and each one, from the evidence before them, felt it his duty to decide in favor of the son, thus depriving the father of the whole of his little property, and reducing him to beggary!

When all had given their opinion, the foreman said he could not agree with them, and not only so, but he hoped to make them all see the subject in a different light, and come to the same conclusion with himself. The jurors were very much surprised at this, and though they would have been glad to render a verdict in favor of the father, did not see how it was possible, if they paid any regard to the evidence in the case. The foreman told them it was perfectly clear to his mind, that the signature to that agreement was a forgery, and that there was a conspiracy between the young men, to obtain the property by fraudulent means. Said he, 'I have been a teacher of penmanship, and I know that it would be impossible for a man who had not sufficient command of his hand to write his name, and especially so old a person as the defendant, to make such smooth, straight marks, as that cross is composed of; and,' he continued, 'although you, gentlemen, are tolerable writers, I do not believe one of you can make a mark so handsome as this, even while alleged to have been made by a hand palsied by old age and infirmity.' The jurors made the experiment, and found that although they were men in the prime of life, with firm nerves and steady hands, they could not produce a mark equal to the cross appended to the writing before them.

These arguments, together with their experiments, were convincing, and the eleven jurors were glad to find good reason for

reversing their first formed opinion, and coming to agreement with their foreman.—The court, with a crowd of spectators, was anxiously waiting for the jury to make their appearance. Those who heard the trial could not but feel that the old man would be the victim of the knavery of his sons, if the case were decided in their favor; and they could not hope for any other termination. The jury came in and took their seats; and when the verdict in favor of the defendant was declared, the result was so entirely unexpected, and, at the same time, so satisfactory to the audience, that an involuntary expression of approbation ran through the room. How the jury came to their decision, no one could imagine, until after the adjournment of the court, when the foreman explained their reasons to the judge and counsel. The father received the congratulations of the court, the bar, and his acquaintance generally, upon the unexpected termination of the case, and the sons were thunderstruck at the exposure of their villany. The jury had ample proof of the justice of their verdict, for both the young men absconded that very night, fearing that some process would be instituted against them for forgery and perjury, if they remained. The foreman returned home, feeling that he had been abundantly compensated for the delay his own business had suffered, by the providential opportunity afforded him, of saving an aged and worthy man from the ruin intended by his unprincipled children. E. T. C.

Saturday Night.

'Tis Saturday night,' says the laborer as he turns towards his home, with the wages of his industry. 'I have had a week of hard toil—but now it is over—and when I see my little fire blazing bright, and my comfortable supper and my quiet family, and know my wife and children would be glad to hear how much I have earned, I shall forget my hard work and my weariness.—I am glad it is Saturday night; and it makes me think of some verses I read when I was a boy, that describes a poor cottager in Scotland, coming home of a Saturday night, with his hoe and spade upon his shoulders, as tired and as hungry as I am, and I dare say with less money for his family; for poor people in the old countries are not so well off as they are here, and don't get as much for a day's work. But when he saw his cottage peeping from under a great oak tree, that partly hung over it, and heard the voices and laughing of his little children that ran out to meet him, and sat down by his cheerful fire and clean hearth and good wife, who was so tidy and careful that she could 'make their old clothes look almost as well as new,' he felt so glad that he envied nobody and 'forgot his labor and toil,' just as I do; and gave good counsel to his children, and read to them out of the Bible, and prayed with them to God, as I ought to do.'

'Tis Saturday night,' says the absent child, 'and I will set down and think on the home of my parents. Now, as the twilight comes on, and darkness begins to shut out the landscape, the memory of past times shines brighter on me, and the images of distant friends seem nearer to my heart. I imagine my family at this moment seated round the table for the social repast. Every one is in their accustomed place—my father looks thoughtful—Saturday night reminds him, that one of his children is not there—my brothers

and sisters converse cheerfully—my mother observes to them, that some dish was my favorite—and they all wish aloud and at once, that I could share it with them. Now, they rise from supper, and draw their chairs in a nearer circle; they recruit the fire, and close the shutters, and one takes a place near the candle to read aloud. But first—I think, they again speak of me, and teach the youngest one to lisp my name whilst it smiles like a cherub. Perhaps vanity has helped to draw this picture; but even if they are not speaking of me so much, I know that they love me, and wish for my improvement; and for their sakes, I will strive to be still more industrious, gentle and useful.

I Have no Time to Study.

THE idea about the want of time is a mere phantom. Franklin found time in the midst of all his labors to dive into the hidden recesses of philosophy, and to explore the untrodden path of science. The great Frederick, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, on the eve of battles which were to decide the fate of his kingdom, found time to revel in the charms of philosophy and intellectual pleasures. Bonaparte, with all Europe at his disposal; with kings in his anti-chamber begging for vacant thrones, with thousands of men whose destinies were suspended on the brittle thread of his arbitrary pleasures; had time to converse with books. Caesar, when he had curbed the spirits of the Roman people, and was thronged with visitors from the remotest kingdoms, found time for intellectual cultivation. Every man has time if he is careful to improve it as well as he might, he can reap a three-fold reward. Let mechanics then make use of the hours at their disposal, if they want to obtain a proper influence in society. They are the life-blood of the community: they can if they please hold in their hands the destinies of our republic; they are numerous, respectable and powerful; and they have only to be educated half as well as other professions, to make laws for the nation.

Fortune.

I BELIEVE that no man with a very large fortune or estate can be truly happy. It is a strange anagram, but it is true, that he feels no wants but the want of happiness in those very blessings which other men covet. I believe that the nobleman is happier than his sovereign; I believe that the farmer is happier than his lord, and I believe that a truly virtuous servant is the happiest of all. The principal reason for this seems to be, that what costs us dearest, we are sure to estimate highest. We receive the choicest gifts of Providence with indifference, unless they are obtained with difficulty. The sweetest dishes—the richest wines—the softest beds, cloy the appetite, unless they are obtained with some difficulty—nay, only cloy the appetite of him who can always procure them. There is infinitely more enjoyment in that state in which relaxation is festivity—in which the coarsest food has the seasoning, and in this rests happiness. Now, in this particular, the poor man has greatly the advantage over the rich, who has no occasion and is under no obligation to labor.

He has certain stated periods, after short intervals, at which his enjoyments return; and they are the sweeter, that he has labored

to procure them. This is happiness which never cloy, which brings along with it its full measure of contentment, and which does not distract its possessor, either by a multitude of objects or by unsubstantial hopes. A man born to a large fortune has his relish for true enjoyment corrupted from his infancy. He has no restraints on his pursuits after happiness except those which convince him at the same time, that it is not to be found. His extensive possessions only diminish hope, without supplying contentment. We ought, then to deliberate calmly and seriously, whether it would add to our comfort to have every wish of our hearts gratified as soon as it is formed. Let us consult our reason and experience, and say whether disappointment in some things, and expectation in others, are not necessary ingredients in human happiness. The more that fortune places us above danger and want, the less qualified are we to enjoy her favors. Abundance may increase, but can never remove chagrin and disappointment; it even makes them more intolerable in proportion as we might have avoided them, while the ease with which we may command enjoyment opens to us endless prospects of pleasure which we can never realize.—*Ettrick Shepherd.*

Washington.

It has been observed that Washington seldom smiled and never laughed. This, however, is not correct. I was informed the other day by a gentleman, venerable for his age and information, that he had seen Washington nearly convulsed with laughter. One instance he mentioned with a great degree of sang froid. At the time that our troops were encamped at Cambridge, information was received at head quarters that the English were about leaving Boston to give them battle. All was bustle and confusion.—The soldiers were strolling over the town, and the officers were but ill prepared for the approaching rencontre. Some of the generals were calling for their horses, and others for their arms; and, among the rest was General Green, at the bottom of the stairs, bawling to the barber for his wig. 'Bring my wig, you rascal; bring my wig.' General Lee diverted himself and the company at the expense of Green. 'Your wig is behind the looking glass, Sir.' At which Green, raising his eyes, perceived by the mirror that the wig was where it should be—on his head. Washington, in a fit of laughter threw himself on the floor, and the whole group presented rather a ludicrous spectacle.

Battle of New Orleans.

The plan of the defence of New-Orleans, was laid by no less a personage than GENERAL MOREAU, during his visit to that city in 1810. It happened on this wise: Gen. Moreau, the Hon. Edward Livingston, and a French officer of engineers, were returning from an afternoon's ride in the neighborhood of the city, and passed over the ground that afterwards became the scene of the battle. With the quick eye of a military man of science, Gen. M. observed the advantages presenting themselves for defensive military operations. Pointing with his hand—'There,' said he—'should your city ever be threatened by invasion—there is the proper place for the line of defence.' Other conversation as to the details followed—and the ride was ended.

Gen. Moreau returned to Europe, and fell in the ranks of Napoleon's enemies. The French officer of engineers settled in New Orleans. In process of time New Orleans was invaded. A General of energy, was sent to the command. Mr. Livingston and the French engineer volunteered as aids of the General—and at the instance of these gentlemen, the plan of the defence suggested by the great French commander, was adopted. The result is known.—*N. Y. Com.*

JUDGE BURKE, by the hurried manner in which he was accustomed to attend to his personal concerns sometimes brought the laugh against himself. It is the practice in South Carolina for the Judges and members of the bar to wear black gowns in Court. The Judge's wife usually wore a dress of the same material and color, and one morning, when his honor had taken his seat upon the bench, enrobed, as he thought, in his official toga, and was beginning to address the grand jury of one of the counties of the interior, he was not a little surprised and disconcerted to find the whole auditory—jurymen, barristers, tipstaff, and all—burst into a loud laugh, at the ridiculous figure of the Judge, who, instead of his own proper gown, sat solemnly arrayed in his wife's black petticoat, with his arms stuck out through the pocket-holes; he having in a mistake packed up that feminine garment in his trunk, at Charleston, instead of his own.

LEARNING is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful the most mischievous.

DELICATE ATTENTIONS.—In the tenth century, to eat out of the same plate, and drink out of the same cup, was considered a mark of gallantry, and the best possible understanding between a lady and a gentleman.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

Z. H. R. Bath, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. S. Bath, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Derby, V. T. \$1.00; M. K. Chapin's Ville, Ct. \$0.50; U. R. C. Albion, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. Brownville N. Y. \$1.00; N. B. Hallowell, U. C. \$0.62; A. T. F. Ann Arbor, M. T. \$1.00; L. B. Auburn, N. Y. \$0.62; T. F. Fort Plain, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$1.00; D. S. Fort Plain, N. Y. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

The name of the P. O. at Moreau, Saratoga Co. N. Y. is changed to Fortsville, N. W. Angle, P. M.

The number of horses in the State of Ohio, according to the official tax lists, is 232,662. Of horned cattle there are 413,972. The nett proceeds of the State Canals paid into the treasury, were last year \$191,444.51.

The Kentucky Gazette commenced its 50th year a short time since, at which time it mentioned the names of ten subscribers, who had taken the paper for forty-nine years, and had never been indebted to it one cent!

Thom, the Sculptor, is exhibiting in London, statues of Old Mortality and his Poney, executed in stone, from Sir Walter Scott's Tales of My Landlord.

MARRIED.

At Churchtown, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Henry Roraback, to Miss Maria Decker, of Claverack. At Bainbridge, Chenango co. on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Adams, Chester Hull, Jr. Esq. Editor of the Greene Co. Advertiser, to Miss Rosa M. Hodson, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 9th inst. after a few days illness, Maria Louisa, only daughter of Capt. Geo. E. & Julia Seymour, aged 34 years.

On the 5th inst. John N. Weathershine, aged 74 years. In Ghent, on the 25th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Jacobia, widow of the late John Jacobia, aged 55 years and 2 months. At Stockport, on the 4th inst. Mr. John L. Vosburgh, a very respectable inhabitant, in the 80th year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Evening Thunder Storm.*'It was a fearful night of sublimity.'*

I STAND upon a tall and grassy hill.
 And with a wandering eye look round the west,
 Where cloud cap mountains, misty, blue and still,
 In one long line of holy grandeur rest;—
 The fire of burning day has almost pressed
 Their highest summit—while the modest vale,
 With twilight shadows gathering on its breast,
 Is hushed, and dim as eve's soft dews prevail.

On this cool height the zephyrs lightly rise,
 Stirring the tender oak leaf o'er my head,
 Then mounting upward to the dewy skies,
 A thousand voices with its breath is wed;—
 The robin's song—and waters o'er their bed—
 The hum of insects—and the low of herds—
 And nature's deep mysterious music, shed
 With eloquence beyond the poet's words.

Dim and more dim the distant mountain's form
 Appears, till all is one dark, shapeless sight—
 A something hazy, like a gathering storm,
 Hangs o'er the stars, and dims their golden light;—
 The eastern moon just o'er the woody height,
 Peeps up, and sends her shafts of silver down—
 Yon valley stream is winding slow and bright
 Mid gentle lawns, and slopes, and forests brown.

Hark to that voice along the lurid west;—
 A solemn rumbling, low and deep, yet strong—
 A blacker pall the skies around invest—
 Another peal the eastern hills prolong,
 Then deathly silence reigns—while all along
 The hill, the tall tree quivers not a breath—
 No rustle rises from the valley lawn—
 And mute the voices in the sky's depth.

Startling, I saw a streaking flash of fire,
 Split through the black and rolling thunder-cloud—
 And crackling thunders through the concave, higher
 Sound—while earth shakes, as she speaks it back aloud—
 Around the east the storm extends its shroud—
 A rising gale is sweeping through the wood—
 The tall, wild flowers to the earth are bowed,
 And big drops patter through this solitude.

The tempest now is up—Heaven's gate thrown wide—
 The floods pour down upon the valley's breast;—
 A roar, like that when rivers fiercely slide
 O'er lofty rocks, is booming—from the west
 The swift winged lightning, clad with flaming best,
 Lights up the world and gilds each liquid drop—
 Tips with red fire the tall trees' breezy crest,
 As to and fro amid the gale they rock.

Another flash—quickly, a stunning peal—
 Yon ancient oak in countless shivers lies—
 Long had it stood amid the gentle reel
 Of groves less rugged—yet at last it dies,
 Opening a gap it filled for centuries,
 So falls the warrior on his stage of strife,
 Where deaths hot shafts amid the battle flies,
 And folds of smoke—hang o'er expiring life.

* * * * *

The shattered clouds have parted in the sky,
 And round the east the nightly tempest lowers—
 The moon peeps out and floats in beauty by,
 Turning to gems the big drops from the shower
 That stud the vale and gild the woody bower;—
 Ten thousand sweets are wandering around—
 The night-bird sings to pass the merry hour—
 And I will homeward by the pensive sound.

X.

The English Boy.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

'Go call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.'

AKENSIDE.

Look from the ancient mountains down
 My noble English Boy!
 Thy country's fields around thee gleam
 In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have rolled since foeman's march
 Passed o'er that firm old sod;
 For well the land hath fealty held
 To freedom and to God!

Gaze proudly on, my English Boy!
 And let thy kindling mind
 Drink in the spirit of high thought
 From every chainless wind!

There, in the shadow of old Time,
 The halls beneath thee lie,
 Which poured forth to the fields of yore,
 Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
 They stand 'midst oak and yew!
 Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
 The bow, in the battle true.

And round their walls the good swords hang,
 Whose faith knew no alloy,
 And shields of knighthood, pure from stain,
 Gaze on, my English Boy!

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
 Gleams by the antique elm,
 Or where the minister lifts the cross
 High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have showered their free heart's blood,
 That England's prayer might rise,
 From those great fanes of thoughtful years,
 Unfetter'd to the skies.

Along their isles, beneath their trees,
 This earth's most glorious dust,
 Once fired with their valor, wisdom, song,
 Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther yet—
 My gallant English Boy!
 Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
 The billows' pride and joy!

Those waves in many a fight have closed
 Above the faithful dead;
 That red-crossed flag victoriously
 Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to keep
 By hostile tread unstain'd;
 These knightly halls inviolate
 Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear, their memory's light
 Along our shore is set,
 And many an answering beacon-fire
 Shall there be kindled yet!

Lift up thy heart, my English Boy!
 And pray like them to stand,
 Should God so summon thee, to guard
 The altars of the land.

From the Southern Rose Bud.

AN English traveler has remarked, that when Americans speak of the relative character of England and their own country, right or wrong, they will have the last word.—'Instinct is a great matter,' and it is illustrated in the following thoughts excited by Mrs. Hemans's beautiful and elevated verses to 'The English Boy.'

The American Boy.

Look up, my young American!
 Stand firmly on the earth
 Where noble deeds, and mental power,
 Give titles more than birth.

A hallowed land thou claim'st, my boy,
 By early struggles bought,
 Heaped up with noble memories—
 And wide—aye, wide as thought!

On the high Alleghany's range,
 Awake thy joyous song;
 Then o'er our green Savannahs stray,
 And gentle notes prolong.

Awake it mid the rushing peal
 Of dark Niagara's voice,
 Or by thine ocean rivers stand,
 And in their joy rejoice.

What though we boast no ancient towers
 Where 'ivied' streamers twine!
 The Laurel lives upon our soil,
 The Laurel, boy, is thine.

What though no 'minister lifts the cross,'
 Tinged by the sunset fire:
 Freely religion's voices float
 'Round every village spire.

And who shall gaze on yon 'blue sea'
 If thou must turn away,
 When free Columbia's stripes and stars
 Are floating in the day?

Who thunders louder, when the strife
 Of gathering war is stirred?
 Who ranges further, when the call
 Of commerce's voice is heard?

And tho' on 'Cressy's distant field'
 Thy gaze may not be cast,
 While through long centuries of blood,
 Rise spectres of the past.

The future wakes thy dreamings high,
 And thou a note mayest claim,
 Aspiring, which in after times
 Shall swell the trump of fame.

Yet scenes are here for tender thought—
 Here sleep the good and brave!
 Here kneel, my boy, and raise thy vow
 Above the patriot's grave.

On Moultrie's isle, on Bunker's height,
 On Monmouth's heated line,
 On Eutaw's field, on Yorktown's bank,
 Erect thy loyal shrine;

And when thou'rt told of knighthood's shields,
 And English battles won,
 Look up, my boy, and breathe one word—
 The name of WASHINGTON!

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